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MASSACRE IN AFRICA OF MISSIONARIES OF THE UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH.

REV. L. O. BURTNER.

THE following London dispatch of June 12, will indicate the number that fell in the uprising in Africa in which our devoted missionaries were slain. It says: "Steamers which have arrived here from Sierra Leone report that a thousand persons were killed in the recent uprising in that district. One hundred and twenty inhabitants of Freetown, most of them traders, are known to have been massacred, and other colonists were carried into the bush by the "war boys" and undoubtedly met a worse fate. Three hundred friendly natives were killed, and besides the white missionaries, six colored missionaries of the United Brethren in Christ were murdered at Manohbargru. The English missionaries are at the mercy of the war boys, but have not been molested."

CAUSES OF THE UPRISING.

In my judgment no one thing can be assigned as the cause of the outbreak. About six or eight years ago the government began more fully to express its interest in the colony by undertaking to suppress the slave trade carried on by and among the natives, the chiefs and big men among them profiting most by the traffic.

Later, an attempt was made to abolish cannibalism. A half dozen or more persons were tried, convicted, and hanged. Later still, two or three years ago, restrictions were put upon the Purro, a secret society of the natives. All males are members, and occasionally one or more belong who do not wish to be regarded as or numbered among the heathen—persons who have been more or less taught in letters.

The Purro, as the natives regard it, is the law of the country, and when they would put Purro (as they say) on anything or person, no one dare interfere; if so, it is at the risk of his life. Purro had been put on the palm kernels, and no one was allowed to gather them until the society saw fit to "pull the purro." Thus crop after crop would go to waste, and many poor people suffer in consequence of this waste. The government said this restriction of the Purro must cease.

About two years ago a protectorate was established, not including the original settlement of Sierra Leone and the Sherbro Island. The protectorate was divided into five districts, and a district commissioner, a white man, appointed to each. To these commissioners all matters of dispute and law were referred for final adjustment. A small hut tax was required by the government for its support and the maintenance of the protectorate and further development of the country—the making of roads, bridges, railroads, etc. The amount of the tax was five shillings, or one dollar and twenty-five cents, for a house of three rooms and under, and ten shillings, or two dollars and fifty cents, for a house of four or more rooms. The chiefs were to collect this tax and pay to the district commissioners, and then turn it over to the government.

The people refused to pay. The Purro had its meetings, killed its goats, and swore its "one word"—that is, the first chief who collected and paid the hut tax would lose his head. The government said any one who refused to pay would be arrested and imprisoned, and some one, who would pay, appointed to take his place. The Timnie tribe, located in the northern district, revolted, and made war on the government. They prepared strong and somewhat effective fortifications, and made a vigorous fight, so that it was necessary for the government to utilize all the troops immediately at hand in repulsing them. The other tribes, taking advantage of this engagement of the government with the Timnies, united their forces (a thing unknown in the history of the colony—hitherto they made war on each other) and made their raid against all foreigners and Sierra Leonians, black people, native born, and educated—in short against all persons in sympathy with the civilization and Christianity which the government and church sought to establish and extend. Black Englishmen, as they sometimes call themselves, in distinction from the heathen natives, shared the same fate as Europeans and Americans. Thus it was a war of heathenism against civilization and Christianity—a war of extermination of all who did not properly pronounce the "shibboleth" of heathenism. And the causes leading up to it are (1) suppression of slavery, (2) suppression of cannibalism, (3) restrictions on the Purro, (4) requiring the hut tax, the latter being the occasion for the outbreak.

PLAN OF ATTACK.

Much skill and forethought seems to have been exercised in plan of attack. The uprising was almost simultaneous. Within two or three days the destruction of life and property respecting our missions and missionaries was over, except in the case of Brother and Sister McGrew, which was five days later, May 8. It was rumored that the Mohammedans were in sympathy with the insurgents, and assisted in formulating plans. I know not how true this is.

IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.

The "war boys" had clubs, swords, cut lasses,—implements resembling our old-fashioned corn-choppers,—and some guns and ammunition. During the past six or eight years the sale of fire-arms and ammunition to the natives had been prohibited by the government. It was supposed that they were without either. How and where they secured these is an unsettled question in the mind of the public.

SITUATION AT SHENGEH.

I pass over many details. The first news of the war which made us quit our work and prepare for their coming was a letter from one G. M. Domingo, of Bompetook, which town is three hours' walk south of Shengeh and also on the coast, to our chief, Thomas Neal Caulker. The chief promptly sent the letter to me at nine o'clock Saturday morning, April 30. The letter stated that the war boys had taken Danville Mission, and that D. F. Wilberforce and wife were caught and tied, his mother shot, and sister and children killed, and the warriors were coming on to Shengeh Mission. Brother Minshall and I began at once to fortify our mission house, and remained in it until Sabbath night, May 1, about seven o'clock. We had determined not to leave the place, although we had only one revolver and seventy cartridges, and one old shotgun and a half-dozen loads of powder. The people, about five hundred, except forty-five, principally women and children yet with us, had been transferred to Plantain Island, six miles off the coast of Shengeh, during Saturday and Sabbath. Among these were our mission boys and church members. Only three men were with us—Rev. J. E. Evans, A. T. Caulker, and C. A. Columbus.

More carefully considering our environment, all the circumstances leading up to the situation, in a moment of awful suspense there came the conviction as if by inspiration from on high, *Anchor outside!* which meant to me, secure refuge in the darkness of the night on the bosom of the sea. We started for Plantain Island. A few minutes rowing around the point brought us in full view of the burning of our mission properties at Manoh, Kooloong, and Otterbein stations, just south of us. The warriors were then near Shengeh. But a little longer and we, too, should have fallen by their cruel hands. At midnight, May 1, we left Plantain Island, arrived at Kent eight o'clock the evening of May 2, left here Tuesday morning at two o'clock, May 3, and arrived at Freetown Wednesday morning at six o'clock.

On Monday, May 2, the people crossed Youra Bay from Plantain Island to Kent and other points nearer Freetown. The latest word I have from them is May 9, which is, "We are all safe so far." At Shengeh we had a large two and a half story mission house, stone structure and slate roof, a splendid stone church with slate roof, an excellent school-building two and a half stories high, also of stone and an iron roof, a large two-story seven-room house, lower story of stone, upper of frame structure and iron roof (this building was to be used for a dispensary and hospital), a large boys' home, a girls' home, two kitchens, two fowl houses, four out-buildings, one blacksmith shop, one boat-house large enough to house four boats (all these were frame buildings on stone foundations, and iron roofs), a nine-room native house with iron roof and veranda all around (this house was used as a parsonage), and two other excellent native buildings—sixteen buildings all in good state of preservation. The Clark Training School building and the mission house, though much damaged, are still standing, though an attempt was made to burn them. The rest are reported destroyed.

BONTHE STATION.

Here our excellent nine-room mission house, rice-house, and large school-building, which we use for church purposes at present, are uninjured.

AVERY STATION.

A large seven-room mission house, stone wall and iron roof, a splendid church and school-room, frame structure and iron roof, and an excellent saw-mill, all said to be burned.

Brother J. E. Hughes, one of our itinerants, and his wife and daughter were reported slain. C. A. Remmie, the other itinerant, being very sick, went to Bonthe the week before for treatment. His sister, Sarah Curtis, of Shengeh, was with him, so they escaped; no tidings from his wife and children with her at Avery were received.

OTHER STATIONS.

Konkonany, Mattro, Jehovah, Mando, Otterbein, Kooloong, and Manoh were reported burned.

SITUATION AT ROTUFUNK.

Of this I speak with bated breath. Of the six missionaries there five were killed—Rev I. N. Cain and wife, Dr. Mary Archer, Dr. Marietta Hatfield, and Miss Ella Schenck. Doctor Hatfield was very ill. Mr. A. A. Ward had gone to Freetown on business a few days before and thus escaped.

Sabbath and Monday nights, May 1 and 2, the five left the mission premises and slept in the bush, returning each morning to the mission house. Tuesday morning, about nine o'clock, the warriors entered the town. The missionaries again fled to the bush, but were soon stopped by the warriors who had surrounded the town and anticipated the direction in which the missionaries would flee. They had gone about two hundred yards when brought back in front of the mission and killed. About ten o'clock on the morning of May 3 these missionaries finished the work our Lord gave them to do. "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent."

There is a total loss of property here by fire. All the houses were frame buildings, except the boys' home, and iron roofing mission house, school-building, church, girls' home, boys' home, dispensary, industrial building, rice-house, and boat-house all said to be totally destroyed.

"THESE ARE THEY"—OUR MARTYRS."

Viewed from the human standpoint, the massacre of our devoted missionaries overwhelms us. Many of us knew them personally; often conversed with them; sat with them in the house of God; mingled our songs, prayers, and tears of joy and hope with theirs, and often took sweet counsel together. We remember their loving dispositions, their devout consecration to the work of the Lord, their sweet spirit of cheerfulness and self-abnegation. Surely, of all others, they were most worthy to live, and best fitted to aid in carrying on the great work of evangelizing and civilizing the Dark Continent.

But in a day they were cut down, and in a manner most horrible to contemplate. Death came not stealing upon them through the gradual approach of some fatal malady, but rushing suddenly in the form of angry, brutal savages. Helpless, defenceless, they are stripped naked, lined up, and literally "hewed to pieces," the savages, as they march by, slashing their precious naked bodies with their murderous cutlasses! O God! and can it be that such a horrible fate has befallen our devoted missionaries—Cain and wife, McGrew and wife, Dr. Archer, Dr. Hatfield, and Miss Shenck? Why, oh why, should such fate befall those so true, so faithful, so pure, so good? Thou knowest. What thou doest we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. Out of this assurance there comes the only relief to our poor, bleeding hearts as we contemplate this terrible dispensation of a mysterious providence.

Thus contemplating the picture, our tears of anguish and bereavement are converted into tears of joy and triumph. We rejoice that our missionaries have attained unto their glorious inheritance. We rejoice that from henceforth our Church is honored with having seven representatives among that innumerable multitude of martyrs which John saw. After forty years of toil and sacrifice, the spending of money given by our people out of their hard-earned stinted means, after all this, God has placed His great seal of recognition, approval, and acceptance, upon the humble effort of our Zion in Africa, by suddenly transferring seven of its devoted workers from the hard field on earth to the innumerable throng, where "they hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" but are forever with the most distinguished hosts of heaven.

This, then, is the present reward of the Church for its forty years' work in Africa. It is now represented by a delegation of seven crowned martyrs in heaven—martyrs as truly as are Stephen, James, Peter and Paul. Let no one for a moment think, much less say, our work in Africa has been in vain; God has crowned it with the most signal of crownings.

"We see them, aye, we hear each voice today,
As, bending just above, scarce out of sight,
They cast their martyr crowns before the Lamb
Who erst was slain;
With broken hearts we clasp their spirit hands,
And join with them before the throne to plead
For Afric's poor black sheep—the Shepherd's own
Redeemed, yet age on age in heathen night
Enchained by Satan's hellish power—his slaves!
We plight anew our lives to earnest toil;
This martyred host forever lives! and live
In us; and in these pages where their lives
Were wont to shine—here they must live and breathe,
And bless our toil, and make us brave to win
The lost world back to Christ. *It must not be*
That these, our well beloved have died in vain."

LATIN AMERICA.

MRS. A. M. CAMPBELL, Princeton, Ind.

COULD the wheel of time turn backward only 400 years, and then a bird's eyeview of this western world be had, what a picture for its proud inhabitants in this dawning twentieth century! Our own United States was then a vast forest and plain, innocent of steel, careless of thought or design, untrod save by the stealthy step of the wild beast and the still more stealthy step of the lithe Indian, whose wigwam, arrow and canoe met his every want.

The great Southern continent was the

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same, with perhaps deeper forests, more savage beasts and with birds and creeping things of more brilliant plumage or of more venomous sting; but the Indian was just the same.

Lying between these two would appear a scene curiously different. How came these cities and stone buildings with architecture and sculpture of such dimensions and elaborateness as to astonish even us today? Whence this civilization with its armies, officers and courts of justice, its wealth, luxury and ease, its cultivated taste for music and flowers? Did their fabled "Garden of Eden" have special blessings from God—special communication and revelation, or did some daring seaman, before Columbus, take to them the seeds of civilization, then lose his life in an angry sea? Or was some Chinese junk floating aimlessly on the placid Pacific, swept to these shores by an unseen current, and its living, starving crew made willing to exchange their birthrights of knowledge and power for a "mess of pottage?"

The answer to all this lies locked in oblivion beside the mystery of the pyramids and the sphinx, but fact it was and cannot be denied. Apropos of this, the current number (July 30) of the Epworth Herald has an account of a Mexican Prince, that will be read with pleasure.

'Twas in 1492 that Columbus, learned, restless, true to an inner inspiration, sailed out of a port of Spain with prow set by an astronomer's rule, as he hoped, for the coast of Japan. Was it Providence or was it chance that wrought the discontent of the sailors into threatened meetings, and caused Columbus to heed their demands, and follow a flock of flying parrots, not to Virginia, toward which he had been sailing, but to San Salvador? That simple act forever set, perhaps, the destinies of these Western Continents. Had Columbus come to Virginia then this would have been Latin America, peopled with the Latin race, and the jealous Anglo-Saxon would have followed to take the Southern lands. Ours would have been the land of Spanish rule, and Romish religion, while the Spanish Main and South America would have been the land of truth, honor and right—the Protestant Christian America instead.

Latin America, I understand to be, all countries south of the United States that in the fifteenth century, or later, were seized and held as acquired territory by Latin-speaking Europe, viz, Spaniards, Portuguese, French and Italians. American territory thus conquered was Mexico, Central America, almost all the West India Islands, and South America. This paper is too limited to touch upon all these, and I shall confine my comments to those nearest us, lying north of the Spanish main.

During the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Spain held absolute sway over her American colonies. The inhabitants, found there by Cortez and other Spanish conquerors, were harmless and gentle, but to insure complete submission, great multitudes were massacred until the populations were reduced to numbers from whom Spain had nothing to fear. These remaining aborigines were reduced to abject slavery, or driven by fear into the interior wilds of the countries. It was at this time, and to the West Indies, that the African slave trade began on this continent.

Even a greater curse than the slave trade proved to be was the importation to these unhappy colonies of swarms of monks, nuns and priests. Romanism entered and exchanged the natives religions, idols, rites and ceremonies for her own. She never pretended to carry on soul conversions there; so, the native knew no change of heart when he ceased his human sacrifices and learned to buy indulgences in new sins and cruelties, and sought to find heaven by a road leading through purgatorial fires. Wealth counted by billions was gathered into the massive Roman cathedrals, churches and monasteries. God was not known. Christ was afar off. Only Mary and the saints were gods to the people. Knowledge and civilization oppose and defy absolute governments. So ambition was throttled, ignorance and superstition fostered and properties and possessions were confiscated by the church or the king.

A religious display suits the ignorant, half-civilized mind; so services, especially on the Sabbath, consisted chiefly of processions, dress parades and a variety of feasts, fasts and carnivals usually topped off with a bull-fight in the afternoon. Personal devotion found vent in alms, and votive offerings were brought and hung about the altars and images by subjects supposed to have received miraculous healing.

This is Romanism where it has undisputed sway, and can wield a government to strengthen its own power and enrich its own coffers. People who see nothing but bigotry and fanaticism in this do not know what Romanism pure and simple, is. Romanism is ever the same. It shows itself differently that is all. "You have seen, have you not, a ship sailing into port in a calm sea, with every stitch of canvass flung to the breeze? You have seen the same ship beating up against head winds, obliged to tack or to run back on her course?" This last is Romanism in the States; the first is Romanism on the Spanish Main and in Mexico.

At that time Spain was a great power, reckoned the mightiest of the world. Now she is not even rated among the powers. One by one her American colonies began revolt. What once were only "transporters of gold from mines to the coffers of the King," this waning nineteenth century will have seen transformed into independent republics—slavery abolished and the banners of religious liberty floating over every one. These republics are modeled after our own, and the title of the chief ruler is President. How wondrously God has wrought in opening the way for Protestant people to bring in help and comfort to these our neighbors! Oppression and suffering for these hundreds of years will make progress among them slow and painful for a time, but already Mexico is growing in wisdom and stature. She is more ready now to listen to our Protestant teaching because her dawning intelligence craves the good points of our civilization; and in our religion lies the secret of our power and prosperity. Chas. Fleming Embree, a Princeton, Ind., boy, now living in Mexico, says of it:

"This country is overwhelmingly occupied with its own growth and development. There is a peace in this land, a peace which promises continuance if the nation keeps its nerves. To the north is a country whose marvelous prosperity is an object lesson to this, of the fruits of peace and products of industry. Just over the Rio Grande is a plain written proof of what Mexico can be and is becoming."

Business enterprise is building vast railroad and telegraph systems that A. T. Pierson calls the "scaffolding for the church of God." Liberty proclaimed in Mexico, Juarez, the Mexican Washington, taught Rome in no gentle way that church and state must part company. It will be many a long decade yet until she assumes anything like the lamb-like demeanor she is compelled to hold in the states, but religious toleration ever throws open the gates and invites truth to enter in; truth that makes free; the truth that as stewards we hold and must pass along to them.

This much praised Monroe declaration surely fastens upon this republic a very peculiar responsibility. By maintaining it have we not pledged ourselves to furnish them with our secret of stability and strength? Let us look at this doctrine itself: "With the governments which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and just principles acknowledged, we could not view an interposition for oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." Had our people realized the import of this then as they do today, might not the introduction of the Protestant religion, with its system of education for the masses, have averted this present war?

It is true that missions in Cuba, and in all Latin countries, are expensive and some times apparently fruitless. Disbelief in Cuba has assumed the alarming attitude, we are told, of bitter animosity toward the Bible and all that is called Christian. President McKinley is reported as sharing in a keen disappointment over the military effectiveness of the Cubans, and he has a great anxiety for the future of the island. The President is quoted as saying: "Liberty has been for centuries the dream of the Latin race. The trouble, however, with the Latins is that they construe liberty to mean license. They institute republics, but as soon as they are made to feel the constraint that is part of all well-organized government, they conspire to overthrow that government."

Spanish-American republics seem to be in a perpetual state of ferment. The pending trouble in Central America proves that President McKinley's fears are well-founded. But poor Cuba must be led by a people wiser than herself for some time. When the bitterness of her past begins to fade away she will see what Mexico sees, and what Mexico is doing, and then may she realize whence comes and what is true liberty and peace.

In point of area Latin America exceeds the United States by about one-half, in population by about one million. The language is almost as universally Spanish as our language is English. The inhabitants are of mixed blood, Indian, African and Spanish. Whites, Indians and negroes of pure blood are comparatively few in number.

There is an appalling need of Protestant mission work in all these lands. Much has been done by the Moravians, by Presbyterians of Scotland and Canada. The American Baptists, and the Anglican church too have done noble work and yet the need is very great. I have thought what grand openings and splendid opportunities Latin America might afford to Christian physicians, lawyers, teachers and politicians. It is surely worthy the consideration of those young men, ready but unemployed, who are lounging about their homes or other peoples offices waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up.

Surely the judgments of God are abroad in the earth, and it is a time for the nations to learn righteousness. This whole Latin race everywhere appeals pitfully to us for assistance in their extremity. We have neglected our duty toward them too long, and what is done should be done speedily. It is while the wounds are fresh that the healing oil is most effective. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood leads on to fortune."

DO MISSIONS PAY?

THE history of the Sandwich Islands shows that they were of no commercial value whatever sixty years ago. The different mission boards spent $1,200,000 to evangelize them. Many people who saw this expenditure of money held up their hands and cried out, why this waste? Recent tables show that we have annually from $5,000,000 to $8,000,000 commerce with these islands, making a net profit every year of the entire cost of their evangelization. And yet some men will have the temerity to ask "Do missions pay?"

It has been ascertained that before Christianity had made any progress among the Dakota Indians, it required an annual expenditure of $120 per head to support them. After the missionaries went among them and began to exemplify the practical workings of Christian civilization, it only cost the government $7.20 a head to support them. Said a man who had been among the Indians of Yosemite Valley: "I saw a Digger Indian in Yosemite Valley, under the civilizing influences of that sublime scenery get his dinner out of an ant's nest, with a sharp stick. He could clothe himself for twelve months on ten cents' worth of cotton. You cannot carry on commerce with such people as these. Their wants are too easily supplied. It is only after they are converted that they want anything. Then their wives want bonnets and shawls and shoes and gloves and ribbons, and the children want books and pictures. Then they will work and trade, and you can buy and sell with them and that means commerce.—*The Missionary Record.*

* * *

Moral Condition of Spain.

The fatal levity of Spanish character, as revealed especially under the present misfortunes of the country, is truthfully drawn by the recent address of the Cardinal Archbishop of Valladolid, which is reported in the Missionary Review. In portraying the Spanish traitorous indifference to shame and sorrow he says:

"All acknowledge that the actual situation of Spain is the most critical that our country has passed through in the present generation, and can only be compared to that which preceded the French invasion at the beginning of the country. All know that we are in danger of a tempest from without and that within a volcano is roaring under our feet. Notwithstanding, we hear of more preparations for public diversions than usual, noisy preparations for feasts, battles of flowers, bull-fights, masked balls, and the like; a paroxysm of the foolishness of carnival as out of place as it is exaggerated. In its nature carnival is a barbarous custom, nearly always immoral, and frequently sacrilegious and impious. especially so in these days of so much mourning for our insulted country, in addition to the grief of the Spanish mothers whose sons have died in Cuba, and who, from solitude in which they weep, can hear the loud laughter of vice as well as so much blasphemy. It appears as if the people were to be diverted to prevent their realizing their condition, to be intoxicated with pleasure that they may not feel, to bring them down to the level of the Roman decadence. We see, with the most profound sorrow, that it is intended to make the carnival this year more uproarious and, on that account, more immoral than ever. How can this phenomenon be explained? If we look at it from a natural point of view, it is repugnant to all delicate sentiments to make so much ostentatious merriment in a country and at a time when so many tears are being shed, and where there is likely to be cause for many more. More sensible have been the places, sadly few in number, that have happily agreed not to celebrate the carnival this year. The money dissipated on this ostentatious luxury might be used for food and medicines to our poor soldiers, or it might help to construct machines of war, which would contribute to make our flag respected. We ought to reflect upon the repeated warnings which God has given to us, for has not the Lord's prophet said, 'The earth is desolate because no one considered'?"—*Advance.*

* * *

Take Time.

We must take time to be alone with God. The closet and shut door are indispensable. Happy are they who have an observatory in their heart house to which they can often retire beneath the great arch of eternity, turning their telescope to the mighty constellation beyond life's fever and reaching regions where the breath of human applause or censure cannot follow. It is impossible to rush into God's presence, catch up anything we fancy and run off with it. To attempt this will end in mere delusion and disappointment.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

* * *

Patriotic Jewish Women.

A committee of the Philadelphia section of the Council of the Jewish Women, consisting of Mrs. Charles Heidelberger, chairman; Miss Gertrude Berg, Mrs. Sol. Solis-Cohen, Mrs. B. Selig and Mrs. S. Leveright, has been actively at work among the Jewish women of this city for the purpose of giving some practical aid to the government for the relief of the soldiers and sailors at the front. The Philadelphia section of the Council has undertaken to co-operate with the National Relief Commission in its effort to secure and distribute articles most needed by the soldiers. Circulars have been sent to all the members soliciting aid in the work.

Several donations have been received by the committee, and special appeals have been made specifying the kind of articles required and directing in what manner they be marked and forwarded.—*Jewish Gazette.*

* * *

Rev. James A. Dodds, in a recent address gave a sorrowful picture of the condition of thousands of orphan boys in Mexico, whose needs have so weighed upon his heart that he can hardly think of any other subject. In their poverty and ignorance, beggary seems the only path open to them; yet if taught to work and brought to Christ, they would become noble, useful men. Alluding to the friend who spoke here last week, he said he stood in Mr. Sharp's pulpit, where the preacher had been so often pelted with stones that there was a considerable heap of them there, only the smaller ones however, the iron bars in the windows having kept out such as would break the heads of the audience.

⁂

The following testimony to the efficiency of the chaplain of the Seventy-first New York Regiment is taken from a recent issue of the New York Sun:

"The wounded soldiers who have just come home from Santiago say of Dr. Geo. R. Van De Water, rector of St. Andrew's church, Harlem, and chaplain of the Seventy first New York, which fought in the famous charge on San Juan hill, that he seemed to be everywhere at once, and that his life seemed charmed against harm.

"'Before the charge,' said one of the men from the Seventy-first Regiment, who was landed from the 'Olivette' at the Marine Hospital, the chaplain said, "Remember your duties, men, and if hope and strength seem to leave you, no matter when, God is with you and your cause." That made us feel that He was with us. When we were in the midst of it and were being wounded and killed by guns that we couldn't see, those words stuck right by us and if we happened to forget them for a minute, the sight of the chaplain somewhere near would remind us of them.

"There were a good many of us who didn't think that chaplains were so much use in battle before we found out what soldiering meant, but now there isn't a man of us who is left alive who doesn't wonder what we would have done without him. If there is any credit coming to the Seventy-first, there isn't a man in it who will not share more than half of it with our chaplain, who shared all the bad, and showed us that he was as brave as any of us, and better than the best of us.'"

⁂

"Do you not find it lonely?" said an American tourist to a woman bred on the heights of the Quantock Hills, the hills that fed the early visions of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

"Yes, glorious lonely," was the reply.

Guilelessness demands three conditions: ability to stand, if need be, "gloriously" alone; to separate one's self from motives that serve personal ends; to care naught for what men say of us, and all for what God knows of us.

As one considers these requirements, a name springs to the lips—that of the honored English statesman, Gladstone.—*Women's Missionary Friend.*

⁂

At Your Own Door.

Sophie, had been praying for twelve years to become a foreign missionary. One day she had so prayed, and the heavenly Father seemed to say:

"Sophie, stop; where were you born?"

"In Germany, Father."

"Where are you now?"

"In America, Father."

"Well, are you not a foreign missionary already?"

Then the Father above said, "Who lives on the floor above you?"

"A family of Swedes."

"And who above them?"

"Why, some Switzers."

"Who in the rear?"

"Italians."

"And a block away?"

"Some Chinese."

"And you have never said a word to these people about my Son? Do you think I will send you thousands of miles to the foreigner and heathen when you never care enough about them at your own door to speak with them about their souls?"—*Exchange.*

WOMEN OF EGYPT.

Talk before the W. G. M. S. at Cleveland, by Mrs. W. M. Nichol.

Naturally you would expect me in speaking to you to-day to tell you of the brown-faced sisters in the valley of the Nile. You know our work is principally among Coptic and Mohammedan women.

It has been said that the Mohammedan religion has elevated woman, but, if so, it is to a position far beneath that which our blessed Saviour has given to you and me.

If the position of Mohammedan women has advanced, we can have no idea to what low depths she had sunk previous to the age of Mohammed.

Sir. Wm. Muir says, the weakest point in the Mohammedan religion is the position given to woman. If this is true, how is it true? As in all Oriental countries, it permits very young girls to marry. It is one of the sad sights to me to see little girls in the midst of the joy and happiness of early girlhood compelled to wear the veil and enter into seclusion. How many young lives are thus blighted! Before they are thirty they are prematurely old, and may even then assume the role of grandmothers, I never felt this so much as I did last spring just before returning to the home-land. I had become attached to two bright little sisters in the Luxor school, the older one eleven or twelve, and the younger one eight or nine years of age. One day their father took them from school, and preparations were begun for the wedding feast, for the poor little things had been betrothed to their cousins, who are large grown men. The night of the nuptial came, and during the senseless mummery of the long wedding ceremony (it was Coptic), the poor little girl-bride, child like, fell asleep, and was rudely awakened that the affair might be finished. When I went to visit these two little brides in the new home, I felt more like offering sympathy than congratulation. They wore long dresses, and an effort had been made to make them look as much like grown persons as possible, Women generally sit upon the floor, but they, in order to appear more dignified, sat upon chairs the feet of the younger not long enough to touch the floor, playfully rested upon the chair-rung. What can you expect of a home with such a child-wife?

Not only are early marriages deteriorating to women, but there are also polygamous marriages, All the broils and heart-aches arising from such it is hard for the human mind to calculate. The old wife must give way to the taunts and high looks of the younger and more beautiful one. The barren woman is despised, not only by her husband, but also by all the other wives and inmates of the hareem. The many dissensions thus arising certainly do not tend to the well-training of children, the hope of the country.

The circle of women's knowledge, specially spiritual, is very limited indeed. It is not thought necessary for them to pray. In the many mosques of Cairo there is only one where provision is made for women to pray. From earliest infancy to old age woman is considered an unwelcome appendage, a drudge, a slave, an ignoramus. Is it any wonder they often tell us, "Why talk with us? We are nothing but cattle."

Divorce also hangs over her head. She does not know the day in which she may be driven out. She may take with her her jewels and her infant children; she may marry once or even twice again, but often they are driven to impure lives that they may subsist.

You may say that this relates to Mohammedan women. What has been said of the one, in the main, may be said of the other. There is the same seclusion, the same unwelcome attitude toward new-born baby girls, the same lack of love, the same drudgery, the same ignorance. The Coptic women are wonderfully influenced by their surroundings.

But we have the bright side of the picture as well as the dark. Having noticed some of the conditions of Egyptian women, let us notice some results of mission work among them.

When your missionaries first went to Egypt, it was difficult for even the lady missionaries to enter the hareems. Now there are many open doors.

For a long time, the female communicants were very few indeed. Now they number nearly one-half the whole number of communicants. There is a greater demand for the education of girls. You can note the difference in the homes, not only the result of education, but higher—the result of Christian teaching. Where the old-fashioned mother-in-law does not counteract the home of the school-girl, we find it tidier than that of her less fortunate sister, and we pray also that her spiritual building is cleaner and purer. After admonishing the school-girls at Luxor to come clean and sweet to school, it was encouraging when the tourists told me that our school-girls looked much cleaner than other girls they had seen in the street. The day before our leaving Luxor, we were invited to the house of the pastor to afternoon tea. There we found a little table spread with a white cloth tea in clean cups and a few eatables in clean dishes, which with a neatly arranged room we enjoyed very much. It was a pleasant picture to leave behind.

The greater part of our work has been among the poorer and middle classes. However, some of the rich have been reached. May I tell you of two instances which came under my own observation? I was at one time invited to the house of a rich woman who had but recently been bereaved of her husband. The mourners sat about the room as in the days of Mary and Martha. I read to her the fourteenth chapter of John talking as we read along. She told me afterwards that day was the beginning of the new life within her. She became a member of the church and was instrumental in bringing others to Christ.

The other, a girl in her teens, the daughter of a rich worldly man, was accustomed to attend church regularly with her mother. One day her father told her she had come to the age when she must live in seclusion, and she must not even attend those church meetings. The daughter was quite troubled for some hours, when she went to her father and said, "Father, have I ever disobeyed you"? He replied, "No", for he knew her to be a dutiful child. Then, she said, "I cannot obey you in that you ask me to stay away from the house of God. That is a matter between me and my God and the Saviour whom I love." She persisted and went to church as usual.

These are but a few facts of the condition of Egyptian women, and of results of our work among them, but all results will be made known to you in Heaven. I am sure the women of Egypt who have been brought to Christ would have me, this day, express their gratitude to you who have been laboring, and are laboring, to bring them and others into the Kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Above their gratitude is a rich reward for you in Heaven. We know, that in helping others, specially in spiritual things, we help ourselves.

THE HISTORY OF A MITE-BOX.

ELIZABETH B. MATTHEWS.

The Young Woman's Auxiliary of the Fourth Avenue Church held its meetings at the homes of the members. It was "so much more informal," the girls said; "one must be so dignified and parliamentary at a church meeting." This method increased the attendance, and the serving of light refreshments promoted sociability. It was a bright afternoon in December that the meeting was held at the beautiful home of the secretary, who enjoyed the admiration expressed by her friends at the evidences of taste and refinement everywhere displayed.

The business disposed of, the president

gave a little talk about the subject for the month, "Zenana Work." During the reading of several short papers which followed the members made frequent interruptions on a variety of subjects, much to the discouragement of the president, who often deplored this feature of the informality of a parlor meeting.

At last the program was finished, and the buzz of conversation followed.

"By the way, Ruth," said Edith Burton, the hostess, "how much mite-box money did we report this year? You know I was away, and had my box sent to you. There wasn't much in it, I'm afraid."

"Forty pennies," answered the president, gravely. "We had twelve dollars in all, from six boxes."

"Oh, dear, what a shame!" cried Edith, with a little embarrassed laugh. "I seemed to forget mine except when I had a few pennies in change now and then."

"Perhaps you'll do better this year," said Ruth, encouragingly; "you remember I sent your box back to you; it did look so very new and unused."

"Yes, but really I can't take it again this year; I have so many demands; and then you know, I take the FRIEND, when I told you I would not have time to read it, and only took it for your sake,—and the cause, of course," she added rather hastily, noting the annoyed expression on the president's face.

"Do you ever read the texts on your box?" asked Ruth.

"I believe I looked at some of them when you gave it to me," answered Edith nonchalantly.

"I think no one who sees those words before her every day could help remembering the use of her box," said Ruth, gently. "But if you insist on giving it up, please let me have it for some one else."

"Oh, I am very sorry," exclaimed Edith, confusedly, "but only a few days ago I told the maid to throw it away, as I did not want it any longer."

Ruth could not refrain from showing her discouragement, but at that moment Edith answered a low call outside the portiere, "Come in Hannah," and a trim-looking maid entered, bearing a tray filled with "some of the good things of life," as the treasurer enthusiastically declared.

"Now Ruth, don't frown; it is cold to-day, and these are such light refreshments," cried Edith, as the maid handed around delicate little sandwiches, and coffee, followed by dainty cakes and bonbons.

"Yes, indeed, girls," said the hostess in a satisfied tone, as she sat back among the soft cushions, nibbling a chocolate; I have finished all my Christmas gifts, and I had so many to give this year,—forty, I believe. You must see them before you go."

"You make such lovely things, Edith," said one of the girls; it is a pleasure even to look at them."

"Will you excuse me if I leave now Edith?" asked Ruth, rising. "I have an errand to do for mother, and must hurry."

"Why yes, if you must go," said Edith, following her out; "good-bye; we had a good meeting, didn't we? It's so interesting about those poor zenana women and child widows. I'm awfully sorry about the mite-box," she called as she closed the door.

Ruth Wilson went home with a heavy heart; she had just read her FRIEND from cover to cover, and looked through her report from the general executive meeting. It seemed to her that the needs of the work had never pressed upon her so heavily; and now she was leaving a crowd of girls who came to meetings because she urged them, took part in the program because she arranged it, attended a quarterly meeting occasionally because she called for some of them, and took them,—in short, kept up their auxillary because they felt "sorry for poor Ruth, she cares so much for it." As she knelt in prayer that night, she could not restrain the tears, but arose comforted after praying earnestly that some day her labor, seemingy vain, might bear fruit.

When Hannah Brown, the neat housemaid in the Burton home, went to her little room that night, her eyes fell upon the red box on the small shelf near the window. She took it in her hand and sat down on the bed looking at it lovingly.

"I wonder if I ought to take it to Miss Ruth," she said to herself softly; "Miss Edith told me to throw it away, but after the talk I heard from that dear missionary lady at the chapel last month, it does seem a shame to throw away this box with all them good verses on it. Then I had just begun to save a few pennies to help the poor things she told about, away off in India, and then this box was thrown in my way, seems like; and now I had to hear Miss Ruth ask for it!" and she shook her head regretfully. Suddenly she brightened up, and exclaimed aloud "I'll do that same! I'll keep it till next September, for that's the time o' year when Miss Edith sent hers to Miss Ruth; and I'll take it with more in it than when I took it for her," she added with a low chuckle. "The Lord takes good care of me," she went on thoughtfully; "this is a nice place and Mrs. Burton gives me good pay with little extras thrown in now and then, and only myself to use the money now that Tom has a steady job,—why, I guess I can spare some of it for the poor heathen, and she said it only takes twenty-five dollars a year to keep one o' them poor children; dear, dear! I get half as much a month, not to say good food every day. I'll do it!" and she put the little box back on the shelf turning another text out to read the next day.

* * * *

It was end of the missionary year again, and Ruth Wilson was urging her officers to have their reports ready in time and attending to a great part of the work herself. When the mite-boxes were sent to her, as the agent had resigned, she counted it eagerly.

"Only ten dollars!" she said to her mother sadly. "I did hope it would not decrease this year. We had two more boxes this year, too, and yet two dollars less."

"Some one to see you, miss," said the maid at the door, and Ruth went downstairs to find in the hall Hannah Brown, whom she recognized as Mrs. Burton's maid.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Ruth," began Hannah, confusedly; "but I wanted to see you about something, if you don't mind."

"I'm glad to see you, Hannah; come in here," and Ruth led the way into the library. "Now what is it?"

"Well, Miss Ruth, you remember when your missionary society met at Mrs. Burton's? When I was bringin' in the refreshments, I heard you askin' Miss Edith for her mite-box, and she told you I had thrown it away. Well, miss, I hadn't because I had heard a missionary lady speak down at our chapel the month before that; and I just couldn't throw away them verses; it seemed like as if I had heard them poor little widows in India, and the other women shut up there, and they were cryin' out to me, who has a good home and good wages, and only myself to take care of now. So I put the little box where I could see it every day, and I kept it till I knew it was time to bring it to you, so here it is,"—handing Ruth the little package,—"and please, miss," she added, looking down, and fumbling in her pocket, "here's an extra dollar and four cents. Would you mind puttin' me down as a member of the society? A kind of silent member, you know, as wouldn't come to meetin's and the like; but I do make the prayer, every night, miss," and the girl looked up at Ruth earnestly.

The discouraged little president could not speak for a moment; then, grasping Hannah's hands, she said with tears running down her cheeks:—

"Hannah, God bless you! How you cheer my heart! Indeed you shall be a member, and I shall be proud of you!"

Hannah's eyes glistened. "And will you please count the money, Miss Ruth?"

Ruth cut a slit in the bottom, and the money rolled out,—pennies, nickels, dimes and even quarters. "Eight dollars and forty cents; why, Hannah, how did you get so much? I had only four dollars myself."

Hannah's face grew red. "Please, miss, I don't want to tell it all, but there's many ways to get the mites, when you want to get them. Mrs. Burton gives me little extras, now and then; and she has lots o' company, and they give me little tips. I can sew pretty good, as the cook got me to make her some shirt-waists and aprons, and then, I've had lots to be thankful for;" and, she added, hesitatingly "there was some things I could do without.

And now I must hurry off, miss; its gettin' late;" and with another handshake, Ruth let her visitor go.

She went back into the quiet library, and kneeling down beside the little pile of money, she poured out her heart to the Lord of the harvest, thanking him for the seed sown in good ground, which had not been "choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life," but had brought forth fruit a hundredfold.—Woman's Missionary Friend.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

Egypt.

Miss Dorcas Teas writes from Ramleh, July 8, 1898.

This pleasant morning finds us in this most delightful resort beside the Mediterranean sea, and our heart is filled with joy for the many blessings showered down upon us by the bountiful giver of all good. We are now meeting with the workers of the different stations, some of whom we have not seen for a year.

Recently severe sickness has visited several of the missionary families, causing many earnest prayers to ascend to the throne of grace that divine power might be put forth to stay the progress of consuming fever, as in several cases, it seemed that human extremity had been reached.

One week ago we were all in deep distress on account of our beloved brother, Dr. J. P. White, who seemed to be very near the portals of the unseen world. In the room next to him in the Alexandria hospital, also sick, lay his faithful wife praying for grace to be submissive to the Father's will. We were indeed bowed down in spirit, but in united petition we all prayed that he might be restored for the sake of the work he has been so successfully doing, restored for the sake of his loved ones and co-workers. To-day we believe our prayers have been heard; that God is answering them by giving returning strength both to Dr. and Mrs. White.

Little Morrison Giffen has also been very low with typhoid fever, but we believe there is no immediate danger now, and our prayer is that his precious life may be spared. Baby Ralph Henry has had a serious time since the first of June, but he seems to be improving every day, for which we are very thankful.

Though there is but little more space left for my contribution to the News Budget, I must tell you something of how we celebrated the Fourth very quietly, to be sure, but exceedingly happy. Under the stars and stripes those of us here all took tea together. Telegrams and the war news were read from the Egyptian Gazette, and our hearts went out to those dear boys who have left home in defense of the cause which is so dear to us all, Freedom's cause. Later in the evening we heard of the great victory, which we almost feared to believe lest there might be some mistake. The day was closed by singing "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and best of all, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The later news was brought to us by a young native worker. We are much pleased at the deep interest manifested by our people in our home land and its affairs.

Mrs. Giffen is waiting for this last contribution to the Budget, and I must improve my time on the Arabic.

Miss Leanora J. McDowell, of Alexandria, says:

It is some time since you had any news from this station. Since the Easter vacation our thoughts have almost constantly been with our poor persecuted girls. You, who can sit down and read your Bible in peace and safety, none daring to molest, or make you afraid, do you ever offer up a prayer for your more unfortunate sister who must steal away into a dark room or to the roof to read the precious word and even then at the slightest noise hide it out of sight lest it be snatched from her and burned? Ah, my sisters, God has brought us very close to Him, as we have seen these helpless girls patiently bearing the taunts and stinging words of their friends, as well as being shut up in the house and watched, and at times cruelly whipped and all we could do for them was to plead their cause with Him who was also cruelly persecuted and beaten with many stripes when on earth.

I would that you could have seen sweet gentle Esther a week ago, as with patient suffering pictured in her face, and tears rolling down her cheeks, she told her story to us. She has a brother who lives near the mission house and in going to visit him she slipped in to see us for a short time, although she knew if her people would learn of her having been here they would be very cruel with her. You will find a full account of all that has happened in the Christian Union Herald from Miss McMillan's pen; so I will not write more of her at this time.

The days are hot and very damp now and the walls in the mission house are covered with drops of moisture which look like sparkling dew when the sun peeps in at the window.

Clarence Finney is just recovering from an attack of dengue fever. We miss little Davida very much. She went to Scotland with the Misses Hogg for the summer, her parents hoping that she might gain strength there.

We are very happy to have a call now and then from the missionaries who are at present in Ramle. After a month we expect to go out and be with them.

Mrs. Harvey gives notes of temperance work in Cairo:

Mrs. Wilbour, an American lady who has been connected with our Cairo W. C. T. U., gave us five dollars with which to have tracts and pledge cards printed. The pledge cards were in books of twenty. Mohammed Hafez, of whom I wrote in the June MAGAZINE, was quite interested in securing signers and in distributing the tracts. A few days after he began an American opened a drinking shop near his own. The American could not read, and he asked Mohammed to write a notice for his shop, saying his drinks were good, fresh etc. Mohammed gave him a number of the tracts and told him to give one to each man who took a drink. After eight or ten had been given in this way, a man came back and said, "Are you crazy that you sell strong drink and then give each one who drink a paper saying that it will ruin your soul and body, and not only you but also your wife and children?"

Miss Smith, who has to ride a great deal in the the trainway and is very bold in presenting her colors, has had a number of pledges signed while going to, or coming from her school. Persons take the tracts very willingly as those who can read are anxious for something new. We can only pray and trust that some seed will fall into good ground which being watered by God's spirit, will bring forth fruit to His honor and glory.

Last Saturday night Mohammed brought to our house an old schoolmate who had called to see him in the day. He had read to him the twentieth chapter of Exodus and the twelfth of Romans. The new man was astonished, he had never heard a chapter from the Bible before. He stayed for more than an hour, during which time the talk was all of the Bible. I saw these two men come in to church yesterday hand in hand. Rev. Mr. Kruidenier was preaching and his subject was the "Head-stone of the Corner." After the sermon the men came and asked for a note to Mr. J. K. Giffen, of Tanta, as his work is there for the present.

May God guide us all aright in dealing with these needy souls and grant His own blessing.

Mrs. S. B. Crowe writes as follows:

DEAR READERS OF THE MAGAZINE: My last letter for the Budget was written up among the snowcapped hills of Cashmere. Now it is from Lyallpur, with the thermometer at 95° in the house. Previous letters from the ladies here have told about our camping season. During the hot months the work is carried on from the station. There are many villages within a radius of nine or ten miles from the city which are visited, also the zenanas in the city. Then we have our Sabbath services in the book rooms, preaching in the morning and Sabbath-school in the afternoon. The attendance at each service averages about thirty-five. A number of heathen come in to hear the Word every Sabbath, and though some of them inquire about the Christian religion, none as yet have come out and openly confessed Christ. But the good work goes on, and we know that God's Word is all powerful.

We have some bright children in the Sabbath-school, and there are two girls especially whom we would like much to send to the girls' boarding school in Sialkot, but they must know the primer before being admitted, and the difficulty lies in having them taught as they live too far away to come to the house here for instruction. A primary school is very much needed, but a competent Christian teacher cannot be secured, and we do not want to put a heathen teacher in charge. We have made this a subject of prayer for sometime past, and trust that some one will yet be found who can fill this position.

We are hoping to have a church building here by and by, as a good site has been granted by the government officer. I don't know when the work on the building will be begun. For the present the book rooms can accommodate us, but we hope soon to need a larger building.

Miss McCahon tells of duties in connection with management of the Girls' Boarding School.

Possibly some of our friends may not have a very clear idea of the variety of the duties that fall to the share of the superintendent of a school like our girls' boarding school It may not have occurred to them that directing bricklayers and carpenters would be in the list of such duties. The past few weeks I have had an unusual amount of such work, and with the mercury at 145 degrees and even 150 degrees outside, and standing above the nineties day and night inside the coolest houses, it was no light work. It became especially trying when called out about noon to go upon the flat roof in the hot sun to give directions that had been given several times before. Keeping oneself cool was rather a difficult process in any sense of the word, either physically or mentally.

This very hot weather, which has come suddenly upon us, tries the mettle of both teachers and pupils. The latter get languid and out of fix as well as ourselves, making it at times very difficult to keep the machine from jolting.

Don't forget to pray a special prayer for us during the hot weather, that even in the midst of its trials we may do all to His glory.

Miss Rose A. McCullough gives account of the Bible school held in the Gujranwala district.

Our summer school for the study of the Bible, was ushered in June 7th, by a mela for the Christians which continued two days. A number of Christians came in from the surrounding villages bringing their offerings with them, not as in former days, when they went to their heathen melas, for their idols and fakirs, but for the true and living God. There were several interesting conferences. After the first one on giving, conducted by Rev. Jewanwall, an opportunity was given for the presentation of offerings. Various things were brought forward, among which were chickens, pigeons, two goats, two fat sheep, three calves, four annas, a few rupees, and an embroidered chador or veil. One woman also walked up and laid down a pair of silver anklets.

The next conference was on the evil customs of the country, which are still practiced by many of the Christians. Elder Korm Bokhs took charge of this interesting meeting. We were sorry there were not more women present, as they are the teachers in the practice of these customs. Opportunity was again given for the presentation of offerings. Another goat, more chickens and some money, were brought up. The live stock was then sold by auction to the highest bidder, the offerings amounting in all to sixty or more rupees, $20.

The third conference on Sabbath Observance was conducted by Rev. Barkat Moseeh. All the conferences were most interesting and profitable. On the morning of June 9th, the classes were formed and lessons assigned. Mr. Holliday and the native ministers took charge of the men. Of the 22 women present, twelve can read. The women's classes are in charge of Miss McCullough and Miss Corbett. Nearly every woman has a baby, and the heat is trying for them. Sometimes it is very noisy and difficult to go on with the recitation The women seem to be interested and to have a desire to become better acquainted with the word of God. There are 16 or more children large enough to be taught. Last year Miss Cummings taught the children, and this year Mrs. Chatterjee kindly offered to help, and she teaches the girls, while Mrs. Murray teaches the boys.

We have had one good rain and the indications are that the regular rains have begun.

Mrs. Alice Elliott McClure writes from the hills:

DEAR FRIENDS: So many things in this far-off land are so new, strange and interesting to us that I can scarcely choose what to tell you. In April we visited Lyallpur, which is comparatively a new district, and we saw and heard many interesting things while there. Early one morning Miss Spencer, Miss Hill and I drove out a few miles to visit some villages, alternately riding and walking (we walked when there was danger of being upset). In one village the girls had a small class of women. The court yard was not entirely surrounded by the usual walls. We sat just inside on a charpai, the native bed, and the women gathered around us on the ground except the Sardar's wife (the wife of the head man in the village) who sat near on a charpai. One of the women had very sore eyes. Indeed she had lost the sight of one, and the other seemed almost destroyed; both could probably have been saved, if she had washed them carefully and has been willing to walk a few miles to our mission house for medicine.

After inquiring as to how she had followed the instructions about washing her eyes and telling her again to come for medicine, Miss Hill began to read and explain and ask questions about the miracle of feeding the five thousand. The Sardar's wife listened very attentively and by her presence gave encouragement to all the women to come. They displayed their curiosity by feeling my shoes skirt, etc., as I had heard they would, and really I would have been disappointed had they not done so. After praying and singing with them we left for another village.

This village was new to Miss Spencer and Miss Hill as well as myself, they never having visited it before. As we went into the court-yard we could see cattle, but soon noticed a woman away at one end. We walked up to her and were very kindly received. She was very clean which is unusual in village women. After talking a few minutes with her and the women who had gathered quite rapidly, Miss Spencer asked if they wished us to sing. These people all love music and will listen to singing when they will not listen to anything else. After we had sung one or two numbers Miss Spencer began to tell them our dearly loved story, but was interrupted by a message from the Sardar's wife asking us to come to her house. We all accepted the invitation, but, alas, she would hear nothing of Christianity. She was a Mohammedan and well satisfied with her own religion. Miss Spencer did what she could, but the woman would not permit us even to sing. So we sadly left feeling that it was not we alone whom she had rejected, but our beloved Master, for "he that rejecteth you rejecteth me" Luke 10:16. Do you pray that the Holy Spirit may be present in the hearts of these heathen women so that they may be made willing to hear the glad tidings?

How I wish I might tell you of the Sabbath services where the heathen attracted by the singing crowded up to the doors to hear and see, and of the original inhabitants of this district among whom no boy is allowed to wear a pugri until he has stolen (without being detected) a camel or cow or something valuable. The men were afraid to be photographed for fear their pictures would be put in the newspapers, which might get into the hands of the government; they however consented that Mr. McClure might photograph one man, but he got all of them; for they all crowded around this one man to see the performance. How I would like to tell you about Dr. Johnson's hospital in Jhelum, but I must wait until another time.

We are now on the hills, pegging away at Urdu. It is a great relief to be able to understand at least the gist of what the natives say. At first we never knew what remarks they might be making about us. We scarcely know whether to feel encouraged or not that we can understand or make ourselves understood up here on the hills, for our Munshi said the other day, "The *wronger* you speak the *righter* these hill people understand." (Our Munshi speaks English)

Dr. M. A. Platter says:

I have been doing a good deal of city work of late, going into the Hindu quarters among some of the richer people, though you would not think them burdened with riches were you to see them in their houses with mud floors and sitting on beds The women are able to read, and they have some ambition. It is a relief to go among such people. They listen to the Bible and are glad to hear. This morning I met a young man who had graduated at the Christian college in Lahore, who told me that he takes the best from all religions. His family are Hindus, but he said "We do not worship idols, but the powers of God." He was very much impressed with the Bible story. I told him to think about it until my next visit.

We have had some very hot days of late, 100 degrees in a cool place, and 110 degrees on the south veranda, which is well protected by screens. I am getting more Christian helpers and hope to have more Bible teaching in the hospital although I have always had a Bible woman.

My work is getting on nicely. I am perfectly well and hope to be able to stay here until September 1st. when two or three of us will go to Simla for vacation.

Miss Ella M. Gordon, of Jhelum, writes:

Doubtless you have heard through the papers about the Hindu Devis and the tongue-cutting. The Devis have visited this several times this summer. Sometimes they come in the form of several little girls and sometimes as grown-up young women. They stay for only a few days, causing great excitement, and after getting a good sum of money, off they go somewhere else, possibly to their home with their spoils. The people pay them a deal of respect, and worship them, believing them to have supernatural power. It was very difficult to get the Hindu girls to come to school while the Devis were here. They said there was a young man who had cut out his tongue and thrown it in the fire, and that three or four days after the Devis came and made his tongue all right again. The Hindu have very many superstitious customs, and of course the girls must have a holiday in school for every one of their Hindu days. If you were to go into any of the houses just now, you would find several pieces of broken earthern water-vessels containing earth in which nine different kinds of grain have been sown, which sprouting up is thick as hair. Eight days after it has sprouted, the dishes are collected in a doli, (palanquin in which brides are carried) taken to the river and dropped in. If the seed springs up nicely a good winter crop is predicted, otherwise a poor crop may be expected. You would also find the Hindu women busy making a new fire place consisting of a large round flat cake of mud, which is put in the sun to dry. The cake is about 2 feet in diameter. Sometimes it is made with square corners and longer than wide. On Monday the first bread from the new wheat is to be baked on the new stove and bake pan.

Miss Sallie E. Dickey writing from Murree June 14, gives a brief sketch of work in different parts of the Mission.

I wonder what it is like in the dear home land this bright June day! The climate here on the hills is much like the home climate with the exception of the greater strength of the sun, but within doors or in the shade one does not notice that so much. As I think of the other missionaries busy at work on the plains these hot sultry days I feel that I am almost selfish in staying here, for I am really getting quite well again, though of course, not yet very strong. My plans were thwarted but this is God's better plan for me. So I am content. Murree is a very pretty little station, and from our veranda we have a magnificent view of the snow covered peaks far in the distance.

Just now, so far as I can learn, the missionaries are in usual health. In Pasrur the Theological Seminary is progressing under the management of T. L. Scott and S. Lytle, and village work under Misses Anderson and Josephine Martin. The regular work is being carried on in Sialkot, and with this Mr. Ballantine is aiding the Scotch missionaries in holding meetings for the English soldiers there. Two new companies have just come out from England, and they are hoping to reach some of these men. The missionaries here have been requested to join in prayer for the success of these meetings.

The Gujranwala missionaries are now engaged in summer school work. The Misses Wilson are alone in Gurdaspur just now, Mr. Gordon having gone to Dharmsala to oversee the rebuilding of one of the mission houses there.

Misses Fannie Martin and Young of Zafarwal are at present working from a Dak Bungalo (rest house.)

Both hospitals are getting on as usual and both doctors are kept busy.

Misses Ella Gordon and Fulton are keeping up the city work in Jhelum.

We have not heard from Lyallpur for some little time, but at last word all there were fairly well and and all busy.

News comes from Dharmsala that all there are well and enjoying the hills very much. Auntie Gordon is spending her summer this year with Mrs. W. T. Anderson and Helen at Dharmsala. Mr. and Mrs. W B. Anderson are here in Murree, both busy studying the language; they are making rapid progress.

Mrs. McConnelee and the little ones make things pleasant and lively for me.

The college at Rawal Pindi closes 25th inst., then Dr. and Mrs. Barr will join us here, and we are looking forward with much pleasure to their coming.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Raising Corn for Missions.

Once a wee little girl, with two round dimpled cheeks,
And with eyes like a dove's soft and fair,
Held her kerchief at once for the kernels of corn
Which her teacher placed in it with care.

Then the kind lady said, and in tones full of love,
"Plant this corn for the Lord whom you know,
Then water it, tend it, and shield it from harm,
And the Lord will himself make it grow."

Then the wee little girl with her treasure went home,
And quite snug 'neath her pillow 'twas laid;
The next morn, ere the sun had sipped up all the dew,
Her neat little garden was made.

And at night she thus prayed as she knelt by her bed,
"Bless dear papa, and mamma, and Joe;
Please, God, bless my corn, and just where it is sown
Please don't let the mocking birds know."

So with watching and praying and tenderest care,
The young blade soon appeared through the sod,
And ere long as it grew, and the wind through it blew,
To the wee little girl it did nod.

Then in time there appeared silken tassels on high,
And bright plumes such as warriors wear;
And the bright, golden corn, in its cradle so soft,
The wee little girl watched with care.

But when it was ripe and then garnered and sold,
The wee little girl danced for joy,
As ten bright silver shillings lay right in her hand,
And naught could such pleasure destroy.

But when, one by one, she them dropped in the till,
That the heathen her Lord might know too,
No music so sweet ever fell on her ears,
And she never such happiness knew.

Now, dear children, go thou and do likewise, and see
If the half of her joy I have told;
Plant your corn for the Lord, scatter broadcast the truth
He'll reward you a full hundredfold.

—Little Helpers.

The Children's Crusade.

BY CLARA LAUGHLIN.

IN Southern France in the valley of the Loire river, between the hills surrounded by smiling meadows, lies the town of Cloyes, that has one association which will always endue it with interest in history. Cloyes is an ordinary French village, with its square market place and other miscellaneous articles peculiar to such a scene. It has its dirty shops and staring houses and dilapidated church. But as we stand on the old stone bridge, by which the main street crosses the Loire, the scene before us is attractive. We see the little river as it flows from behind the trees in the park. In the distance is seen an occasional mill wheel and wide expanse of green meadows and beautiful shady willows.

In this little village, about 700 years ago, there lived a boy whose name was Stephen. His father was a poor shepherd, and their home was very humble. One day while he was on the hillside watching his father's flocks there came to him a priest who claimed to be the Christ. He said he was from Palestine. He told Stephen about the condition of Palestine; that it was under the dominion of the Mohammedans, and commissioned him to preach a crusade to the children; that with him as their leader, they should march to Palestine and restore the Holy Sepulchre. They should win the victory which soldiers and nobles had failed to gain.

After this, to be a shepherd boy was no more possible to Stephen. Higher duties called him. But Cloyes was too obscure a place in which to work; so he resolved to go to St. Denis. Great enthusiasm was aroused among the young. The call of Stephen appealed to them, and they gladly believed him when he said, that for them was reserved all the glory of the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

In a short time, the children of all classes and ranks were wild with enthusiasm. This great enthusiasm spread rapidly and boys and girls from far and near came trooping into St. Denis to join the ranks of the great crusade. In all their songs, the one great theme was, "Lord restore Christendom." "Lord. restore to us the true and holy cross."

In the meantime the news of the great crusade reached Germany. In a village near Cologne there lived a boy Nicholas, twelve years old, who was to be the apostle of this crusade in Germany and play the part which Stephen acted in France. It is said that his father influenced him to take up the work. Believing himself to have recieved divine communion Nicholas preaches to the people as did Stephen. We can see Nicholas by the door of the old Byzantine cathedral, standing on a platform or a pile of stones, addressing great crowds of eager listeners.

The villages about Cologne were all astir over the new prodigy. The Holy Land was not to be won by battle nor restored to the Christian King by the slaughter of the Mohammedans, but the latter to be converted and to accept the Christian religion, which they hated. The mania increased daily. Pastors, friends, parents sought to restrain the children by force, but to no avail. A little over a month elapsed before the assembling of the children was completed.

At last the day came to start, one fair morning in June, as the sun was gilding the towers of the church. Let us take our place on the walls where we may watch the eager crowds. Many a sad mother bids, farewell to her child, whom she is never again to see. At length all is ready. The banners are raised. Nicholas takes his place as leader and at a given signal the compact mass moves away, and this band of 20,000 children commences its march toward Palestine. As they marched along sonthward they passed the time with narrative and song. When night overtook them they slept in barns and hovels, under the trees of the forest, or on the green bank of some stream, and the angel of sleep closed their heavy eyelids under the starlight. But their trials had scarcely begun. Often they were without food and ate the wild fruit and berries by the wayside, so that many starved. Weary and discontented many turned backward to their homes. Some were stolen by enemies.

Of the 20,000 that left Cologne 7000 reached Genoa. Here they remained over night. All along they had expected that when they came to the sea that here the waters would be divided, so that the children could continue their march to Palestine. In the morning they rushed to the seashore to behold the waters divided. But the sea rolled on as yesterday. No miraculous chasm yawned to receive their eager footsteps Many of these poor disappointed children retraced their steps; others stayed and made their homes in Genoa.

How many an anxious mother's heart yearned for her child as the stragglers commenced to arrive. How anxiously she enquires for him, perhaps to be told that he had died in the forest, or on the mountain or had remained in some distant city. Many a mother wept long years for her child, dead' or forever separated from her.

But let us return to Stephen, whom we left in St. Denis. In July, he, with his troop of 30,000 children, left for Marseilles, where they expected to find that wonderful path way to the sea. But, alas, when they reached Marseilles, a few months later, the sea rolled on as before. After lingering a few days, some enterprising merchants decided to take the children across in their ships, for which the children were very thankful. Traveling on the water was much more dangerous then than now, for in those primitive times the ships were not built so securely as now. Of the five ships that started two were wrecked off the coast of San Pietro and more than a thousand children were drowned

When the remaining children reached the land their hearts were filled with hope that their trials should soon end and that they would reach the Holy Land. But that hope was only revived to be more cruelly blighted. They find that they are victims of an infamous treachery, and we are to follow them not to the Holy Land, but to slavery among the Saracens. These kind and disinterested merchants of Marseilles proved to be slave-dealers and they had contracted to sell the confiding children to the Mohammedans. Imagine the feelings of the young pilgrims, that in an awful bondage they were to pass their lives. They looked around upon the sea but found none to help. Very beautiful was the scenery, with its blue sky and scented breezes, but to the children these beauties had no power to charm. Some of them were taken to Cairo, some to Bagdad, and some to Alexandria. Some were put to death, some died of the oppression, and some lived a life of bondage. They all died in slavery. Not one lived even to see Europe again. Some of them reached Jerusalem, but they walked its streets as captives and looked upon Olivet in chains.

Several years later it was resolved to erect a tribute to the memory of the ambition and zeal of these children. The isle of San Pietro was selected. Many of the bodies had been washed ashore after that fatal storm, and some kind hands had gathered and buried them on the lonely island. Here the Pope caused a church to be built, and the remains of the little ones were placed within it.

This is the only relic we possess of the Children's crusade, the one memorial which has survived the lapse of centuries. The closing scene is a ruined church, looking out over the blue sea, and within its crumbling walls the ship-wrecked children are still sleeping.—*Cleveland; Ohio.*

Child Life in Mexico.

Come with me on a journey to the warm sunny southland of Mexico. As we walk along the streets and in the parks of the cities you will see some children beautifully dressed, carrying elegant French dolls, riding expensive bicycles, or playing with other costly toys. But see how many more of the children are in rags, their feet bare, faces and hands dirty, hair unkempt, and so hungry that they will run to pick up any piece of bread or bit of fruit that is thrown in the street. It is with these children of the poor I wish to make you acquainted to-day.

Let us visit them in their homes. Be careful where you step, there is much mud and dirt! What smells! they almost make one sick! Look into that doorway. You see a small yard, where pigs, chickens, cats, dogs, and babies are rolling in the filth. Each of the rooms you see opening into the yard is the home of a separate family; the floors are of beaten earth, and nearly always damp. There is little or no furniture. A straw mat serves as bed and a roll of old rags for pillow, and at night all the members of the family sleep, huddled together, in the same clothes worn during the day. Their pet animals sleep in the same room with the rest and the doors are closed tight. The wonder is that they do not all die of suffocation before morning.

At mealtime they squat on the ground around the little charcoal fire, and eat out of the two or three dishes in which the food has been cooked.

On the straw mat, among some rags, is lying the baby, only a few months old. How dirty! It looks as though its face had not been washed for days—perhaps it never had a bath. Its clothes are just pieces of old cloth or calico—a little shirt, a calico waist, and perhaps an old apron wrapped about its legs; no pretty long flannel skirt to keep baby warm, not even a piece of blanket for covering. Poor little thing!

In some houses I have seen the baby swinging in what is called a hammock. This consists of a frame made of four boards fastened together at the corners, to the bottom of which is loosely nailed a piece of strong cloth, which is allowed to sag slightly in the middle. Short ropes are tied to the four corners, meeting about two feet above the center, where they are all fastened to a long rope, which is attached to the rafters overhead. Often the smallest child in the family is seen swinging this box-like cradle.

On the street the women generally carry their babies strapped tight to the back in the folds of their long rebozo; the little head and legs bob up and down till I have often wondered that they did not come off. Sometimes baby is tied with equal tightness to the mother's breast, thus leaving the hands free for other work.

The children early learn to creep, and get into everything. They are taught to walk so soon that many become bowlegged or lame. Babies are allowed to eat everything—beans, tortillas dipped in chili sauce, fruit that is green or overripe, and even *pulque* is given them. When I think of these children of the poor, their insufficient clothing, improper food, and the filth in which they live, not to mention the ignorance of their mothers, my wonder is, not that so many thousands of them die in infancy, but that any live and grow to maturity.

Not long ago, in the market place, I saw a woman sitting on the ground, with a pile of fresh vegetables to sell. Beside her sat a mite of a child not a year old. It had a ragged handkerchief tied about its head, while a little shirt that came only to its knees, and a calico waist, were all it had on, though the morning was cold and frosty. I watched the baby a minute—it had only three or four teeth, and was nibbling a crust of bread. Suddenly it grabbed a little earthen pitcher and began to drink. "What is the baby drinking?" I asked the mother. "Coffee and sugar," she replied. I peeped into the pitcher; there was no milk in the coffee, which looked black and strong, but baby seemed to like it. I have seen that same child suck an onion as though it were sugar candy, and eat raw carrots.

Even quite small children have to work. One day I saw a woman carrying a big basket on her back. It must have been heavy, as she had to grasp it with both hands, and so could not lead her child, a little girl only two years old, who trudged by her side, also carrying a bundle on her little back. "Mamma, mamma, I am tired; it is so heavy," she was saying. "Yes, but hurry, and we will soon be there," replied the mother, and on they went.

Children of seven or eight have to take care of their younger brothers and sisters. Even those not more than five or six will be seen carrying babies so heavy that they can barely stagger along under the burden.

The girls in the home have to grind the corn for tortillas (corn cakes), carry water, and help in other ways. The boys also have their tasks, which, however, they shirk as often as possible and waste their time in gambling, which they seem to like better than anything else.

In many parts of the country there are no schools, and the children grow up without learning how to read and write, but they soon learn how to lie and steal and to consider it more honorable to beg than work, to be lazy and dirty, and to drink *pulque*, which makes them drunk and stupid. As a rule, they are not very obedient to their parents—or to anyone else, for that matter. They often quarrel among themselves, and seem to be always trying to do all the harm or mischief they can to others. But there are some among these children of the poor who are kind, patient, happy, loving little "helpers," just such as we find in other lands.

What do they play? Boys have marbles, and tops, and the "cup and ball," similar to that played by the little Eskimos, only the Mexican way seems simpler. The ball is attached by a string, and the boys try to throw it so as to catch it on either point or cup end of the stick. Mimic bull-fighting is a great amusement. One boy acts as "bull," the others wave red handkerchiefs or blankets before the "bull" to anger him, then he darts one way or another to catch his tormenters. On the ranches lassoing is a great sport. Little boys of four begin by catching the cat or dog with a rope that has a long, open slip-knot. Tabby starts to run, but the boy throws the rope, and pussy is fast by the leg or neck. Chickens, goats, calves and colts afford the boys plenty of opportunities for practice, so it is no wonder that the Mexicans become so skillful with the lariat. The girls play house and doll as do little girls the world over.

One day I saw some people coming up the street. First there was a boy about fourteen years old, carrying on his head a long, narrow pine box, painted blue, with white stripes and crosses. Two men followed the boy, and after them came another man, carrying on his head a table covered with a white cloth and strewn with flowers. On the table lay the body of a little girl about seven years old, dressed in white, a wreath of flowers on her head, and a bouquet in her hand. Last came two women and a girl. Can you guess where they were going? To the cemetery. The little girl was dead, and they preferred to carry her that way. At the cemetery the body would be put into the coffin, and the flowers strewn over the grave. That custom is not so common now as it used to be, but can be seen in some places still. Sometimes *cohetes* (or rockets) are fired off on the way to the cemetery—for what reason it would be hard to tell, unless it be to frighten away evil spirits.

For example on St. John's Day, the little boys are all dressed like soldiers; on the Day of the Dead innumerable toys are on sale in the plazas, representing death, the devil, skeletons, skulls, coffins, etc., and even the candies and cakes are made in the same hideous shapes. The Saturday following Good Friday fireworks representing Judas are hung across the street, and at ten o'clock are exploded, to the great delight of the children.

Mexico is a strange land, and many are its lights and shadows. To us it seems as though the American boy and girl have a joyous existence—far more for which to be thankful than they ever dream of. There is more real sunshine in their lives than can be found anywhere under the sunny skies of this fair southland.—*J. W. Brown, in Sunday School Times.*

Home Missions.

AN EXERCISE FOR JUNIORS.

Open meeting by singing B. S. 137, 1 and 2 verses.

Brief prayers by Juniors.

Read responsively Isa., 60th chapter.

LEADER.—Who is the Light of the world?

JUNIOR.—The Saviour—John 1:4. "In Him was life and the life was the light of men."

L.—Who was a witness to this Light?

J.—John the Baptist. John 1:7,8,9.

L.—Does Jesus call himself the Light of the world?

J.—Yes; in John 8:12.

L.—What does Jesus call His disciples in Matt. 5:14?

J.—"Ye are the Light of the world."

L.—What does Jesus say we must do with our Light?

J.—Let it shine. Matt. 5:15,16.

Prayer. Ps. 43:3, "O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me to thy holy hill."

Sing B. S. 180, first verse.

LEADER.—What do we mean by Home Missions?

JUNIOR.—Missions in our own country—United States of America.

L.—How many people live in this country?

J.—Seventy millions.

L.—How many of these are Protestants?

J.—One-fifth or fourteen millions.

L.—What do you mean by Protestants?

J.—Those who get their religion from the Bible alone.

L.—Name some of the different classes of people in this country to whom missionaries are sent.

J.—The ignorant poor of our large cities, colored people of the South, Indians, Mormons and foreigners.

L.—Are there many people living in cities?

J.—About three-fourths of the people in this country live in cities and towns.

L.—What kind of people are many of these?

J.—Very wicked, poor and miserable.

L.—Do they know the Saviour?

J.—Many of them have not even heard of Him.

L.—How many city missionaries are employed by the Women's Board?

J.—Six ladies.

L.—What other city missionaries does our church support.

J.—A large number of ministers and their wives are sent out by the Board of Home Missions.

L.—What is the work of the home missionries?

J.—They visit from house to house. Many of the people are sick, and they have no other friends. They relieve and comfort them, who thus become interested in church and Sabbath-school.

L.—Why do we call our missions to colored people Freedmen's missions?

J.—Because forty years ago they were slaves—four millions of them.

L.—How did they become free?

J.—During the civil war Abraham Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation and made them free.

L.—How many schools have we among the Freedmen?

J.—One college at Knoxville, Tenn., and seven other mission stations. A large number of pupils from these schools are teaching their own people in the South, in day and Sabbath-schools.

L.—Can they earn their own living?

J.—All the schools have industrial departments where they are taught to do all kinds of work.

L.—What missions has our church among the Indians?

J.—Two stations among the Warm Springs Indians.

L.—In what schools can the Indians get a complete education?

J.—Carlisle, Penn., and Hampden, Va.

L.—What can you say of the Mormons?

J.—Their religion is false and heathenish; but they have great power and numbers.

L.—Have any missionaries been sent to them?

J.—Yes; some churches have sent teachers, but it is difficult to reach them.

L.—Who are called foreigners?

J.—All the people who come to this country and do not use our language.

L.—Where do they come from?

J.—From all the countries of Europe.

L.—Where do they land?

J.—The greatest number land at New York City.

L.—How many came to the United States last year?

J—Over 300,000.

L.—Where do they live?

J.—Italians, of whom there are one million, Russians and Poles live in the cities; those from Norway, Sweden, Germany and Armenia go to the West and settle in country places.

L.—What is the character of these foreigners?

J.—Some of them are good people and make Christian citizens, while many are very wicked.

L.—Why are missionaries sent to these

people?

J.—That they may be saved and become light-bearers to others.

Read "Child Life in Mexico."

L.—How can Juniors become Home missionaries?

J.—By praying for the work and by giving money to sustain the workers.

L.—Are there any other ways we can help?

J.—Yes by inviting children to the Junior meetings, Sabbath-school and church, and by living each day as the Saviour wishes us to live.

Close by singing B. S. 130, one verse and praying together the Lord's Prayer.

Jamestown, O. E. A. IRWIN.

NOTE.—Would suggest that Scripture reading and references be memorized when it can be done. A great work has been accomplished when the Word of God is lodged in the mind of the child.

EDITORIAL.

Notes of the Saratoga Convention.

Three thousand young Christian workers greeted President Charles F. Wishart as he he took up the gavel and began the opening exercises of the tenth annual convention of the Young People's Christian Union. The opening song, "O, How Love I Thy Law," seemed to rekindle the enthusiasm of former meetings and assure the success cf the convention.

* *

The wisdom of holding the annual meeting of the Y. P. C. U. in the eastern section of the church was shown by the interest manifested in the convention. With an attendance exceeding that of last year, the general and local committees can be assured that their labors have been appreciated.

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Since there is no local church to claim the distinction, it is fitting to regard the Saratoga Convention as the convention of Argyle. The congregations of this time honored presbytery not only offered us the most suitable place of meeting within their bounds, but they also furnished about one-fourth of the delegates.

* *

Rev. J. S. Moffett, of the Associate Reformed church of the South, the president of the convention, was thoroughly at home among our people. He is known to us through his pen. He has been untiring in bringing the young people of the two denominations into closer union, and he is bound to us by ties of blood.

* *

A hopeful feature of the convention was the disposition to raise the present indebtedness of the church. Without any appeal but a statement of the existing need of funds, over $1700 was pledged and contributed.

* *

While it was not possible to conduct evangelistic work as successfully as was done at Indianapolis, yet a number of street meetings were held. We hope the way will be clear for greater prominence to this work at future conventions.

* *

The happiest scene in the convention was when President Wishart introduced his successor, Rev. J. S. Moftett, of Chester, S. C.; the merriest, when Dr. Reid accepted the tithe banner for the presbytery of Oregon; the most inspiring, when the delegates came down Broadway from the town-hall on Sabbath evening and filled the street, the halls, and galleries and stairways of the convention building with the music of the Psalms; the most impressive, when at the close, the convention arose and renewed their covenant with God.

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The delegates represented every section of the United States, from California to the Atlantic coast, from the great lakes to the orange groves of the South; also Egypt and India.

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The present attainments of the young people would have seemed a wild dream twenty-five years ago.

* *

"Why I believe the Bible to be the Word of God," was the subject of a most inspiring and helpful talk by Mrs. Edith Peake. She gave thirteen reasons, the most convincing one being the assurance of her own conversion from a life of sin to one of joy and happiness.

* *

The women's meeting, conducted by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter, was spiritual and profitable, and was attended by over eight hundred persons.

* *

Saratoga, for the first time in its history, heard psalm-singing in a ball room, over one thousand persons taking part. This meeting was a unique feature of the convention. May it bear much fruit.

* *

Visitors were impressed with the fact that the young people are progressive, intelligent, wide-awake and have strong convictions.

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Reform sentiment in the convention was strong.

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The report of the tithe committee showed an encouraging increase.

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Patriotism was manifest in the decorations, in the resolutions sent President McKinley, and in the hearty cheering whenever the "old flag" was mentioned.

* *

The feature of the Convention that pleased the Saratoga people most was the singing, as they liked the Psalms. One Jewess said, "I knew all the Psalms."

* *

Gems of Thought.

"We have come into your midst as Christ's servants, to do Christ's work, to help you and ourselves lift up that name, and to lift higher that standard which stands for brotherhood, unity and Christian fellowship —the cross of Calvary."

"We are here to sing God's songs, study God's Word, to broaden and deepen our spiritual lives, and, by prayer and fellowship, bring ourselves and all the world more closely into touch with Him 'Whose we are and whom we serve.'"—REV. T. C. ATCHISON.

* *

"Apparent failure is oftentimes the greatest success."

"The possibilities of youth are boundless almost."

"There comes floating from the hill of Calvary, the echo, that a life of service is full of beauty and good fruit."—REV. J. C. McDONALD.

* *

Mrs. E. M. Whittemore is a living example of what a true consecrated Christian woman can accomplish. Her closing words to the young workers on the subject "Lights in Dark Places" were "Walk constantly in the light, be lights yourselves and give God the glory and praise for all that you may be able to accomplish."

* *

"Christ died not only to establish a kingdom, but to redeem and beautify individual souls."

"Honor the despised wretch in the gutter, the most despised and forsaken, because of the divine love that seeks him, and the sublime possibilities that are in him."—REV. J. Q. A. McDOWELL.

* *

"Paul's life purpose grew out of Christ's command, 'Depart for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles'. His inspiration for service was Christ's presence."

* *

"If giving is an act of worship, when must we give? On the first day of the week, not *weakly* but *weekly*. Not spasmodically, but habitually. I verily believe were we bold enough, and self-sacrificing enough, to adopt and practice this Pauline system of finance, the Bible standard of giving, it would mightily help to usher in the dawn of the Millenium, and speed the triumphs of our King.

The less the church gives on principle, the more oysters and ice cream it takes to run it."—REV. G. M. REED.

* *

"Light is the mystery of the ages..... God is light.... The entrance of God's word giveth light.... People say, 'Science is opposed to the Bible'; but there is no science outside of the light of the Bible. All scientific men were educated, and all scientific books were written, under the light of God's word."

* *

"More than half a million of patents have been issued in this country within a century. How many have been issued in China, in Italy, in Spain, or in any land without the Bible?"

* *

"A great source of weakness in the church is that so many Christians know things about Christ, but do not know Him; bend with reverence over their creeds, but do not look with love into the face of the exalted Lord.... When the presence of Christ becomes as much of a reality to us as to Paul, we shall begin to work like the apostle..... Thus joined to Christ, we will do His work; thus knowing Him, He will talk to us about His plans; and feeling the glow of His love, we will hear Him saying to us, 'Go,' 'Let Go,' Help Go,' and the church will be what it was of old, and what it was ever intended to be, missionary society."

* *

"The Sabbath-school is the church studying God's Word."

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"What is it to be a Christian? To live a life separate from sin. Avoid even the appearance of evil. Avoid the study of any doctrine that has not the 'Thus saith the Lord.' Don't open the lids of any book, however popular, that has a hint against that."

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"When God wants any of His people in heaven he sends for them. God never takes His Elijahs till there are Elishas to take their places."

The Saratoga Convention.

Being asked to give my impression concerning the Saratoga Convention, I will endeavor to do so as briefly as possible.

So far as members in attendance are concerned, the Convention was what is called a *success*, from the very first. But during some of the earlier sessions, it seemed to be about to prove a failure in point of enthusiasm and edification. There seemed to be very little interest. The audience was restless. At the close of an address (and sometimes before), many would leave the hall, no matter what or who was to follow. This lack of interest and attention may be accounted for by various causes. The atmosphere in and around Saratoga, during the watering season, is not adapted to the promotion of spiritual health and growth in grace. The inhabitants of Saratoga are doubtless about as good as those of other cities; but of the thousands and thousands of visitors at this time of the year, the great majority are pleasure-seeking, godless people. Besides, during the time of our Convention, the Universalists were holding a convention, a political meeting was held, and the horse races were going on all the time. The frequent cry of the news-boys was, "paper, sir—paper, sir—all about the horse races." The hotels, boarding-houses and streets were thronged by people whose thoughts and conversation were wholly about worldly things, which, added to the fact that there is no United Presbyterian church in Saratoga, placed the Convention at great disadvantage in point of attention and interest.

It took some time to throw off the despiritualizing influence. But this was accomplished, at least in a good degree, and by the time the Sabbath came, there was a good state of feeling. The addresses on previous days were in the main good, indeed very good, and helped much to bring about a higher degree of spiritual interest and feeling. We had the party politics aud the consequent hand-clapping, stamping, laughing and cheering on Thursday evening. Hence on Sabbath, we had entire quietness, sobriety and reverence.

All the exercises of that day were excellent. The morning prayer-meeting was characterized by earnestness and tenderness. The address of Dr. W. J. Reid was instructive and edifying in a high degree. The sermon of Dr. McDowell was uplifting and inspiring. The address of Prof. McNaugher in the afternoon was sober and scriptural throughout. The address of Rev. J. H. Montgomery at the open-air meeting was very appropriate, full of Bible truth in regard to man's sinfulness and the way of salvation through Christ. The evening meeting, the last of the series, was solemn and quiet, suggestive of "the still, small voice" which the prophet Elijah heard at Horeb. To many of us the Sabbath at Saratoga was more valuable than all the days put together.

Yet the addresses and exercises on these other days were excellent. The Bible talks of Dr. Moorehead were interesting, and instructive, and were largely attended. The other speakers acquitted themselves well.

The program was pretty long and some of the speakers went considerably beyond their allotted time. This probably contributed to the restlessness of the audience mentioned above. All things considered, notwithstanding adverse surroundings, we had a good and profitable meeting. It closed happily; and some of us, who at first had misgivings, were glad and thankful that we were permitted to be in attendance.

Xenia, O. D. MacDill.

When the details of the massacre of the missionaries, whose pictures appear as the frontispiece of this number, are read, we know that deepest sympathy will be expressed to the church and the relatives and friends of those who gave up their lives for Christ's sake in Africa. We rejoice to hear that our government has made known its purpose to do all that is possible to secure the rights of the mission and the re-establishment of its property. It is our great privilege to be helpers by prayer, that out of this trial will come greater blessing and freer course for the Gospel in benighted Africa through the determined efforts of the United Brethren Church to rebuild the waste places. "If one member suffers all the members suffer with it."

"Dr. Foster of the great Clifton Springs Sanitarium, has discovered that his extensive work of *re*pairing missionaries who come home on furlough, is every whit as important as the task of *pre*paring them before they first set forth."

It was a neighborly kindness—one which we appreciate and hope to return, for Mrs. R. L. Miller, editor of Woman's Evangel, of Dayton, Ohio, to make it possible for us to secure the photographs with the accompanying pathetic account of the martyrdom of the seven missionaries, which we have reproduced as fully as possible in the space allotted. Possibly but few of our readers would have the opportunity of seeing it elsewhere. It will also serve, we trust, to more fully elicit an interest in the work of other denominations and to cultivate the spirit of "looking upon the things of others," and "to weep with those that weep." Miss Schenck, one of the group, died of fever sometime before the massacre.

We think it was a good idea to hold the meeting of the Christian Union in the East, which merits a share of cherishing as well as other parts, for in Zion there should not be sectionalism but one great, mighty, enthusiastic Christianity.

It has been said that for one who fails in prayer, many fail in thanksgiving for blessings freely and graciously given. Sure we are that many of our rulers and people are not insensible to the benefits of peace, and much as we had to be thankful for in the war just closed, we believe we will find more to be thankful for in the honorable peace now within sight. And a good way to show our gratitude will be to let "grim-visaged war change his wrinkled front," and instead let all the newly acquired lovely southern landscape abound with food for man and beast, and church spire and school tower lend sweetness and strength to all.

REPORTS AND MISCELLANY.

Reports of Women's Board.

JUNE.

The regular monthly meeting held June 7. The Board was re-organized by the election of Mrs. Annie R. Herron, president; Mrs. M. M. Patterson, 1st Vice Pres.; and Mrs. Geo. W. MacDonald, 2nd Vice Pres. The recording statistical and department secretaries and treasurer were re-elected. Mr. A. F. Sawhill was re-elected auditor for the ensuing year and Major R. E. Stewart attorney.

The report of the Foreign secretary was in relation to the purchase of property in India for a teachers' home.

The delegates to the General Assembly, Mrs. W. J. Reid and Mrs. H. C. Campbell, eported attending the General Assembly at Omaha in the interests of the W. G. M. S. and the foreign work.

Delegates to the Y. P. C. U. at Saratoga were authorized to secure charts representing the work of the W. G. M. S. and exhibit them at the convention at Saratoga, August 3 to 8.

The treasurer reported amount of thank-offering presented at Cleveland, O., $17914.82, of which amount $1256.29 was designated, leaving amount to be divided, $16658.53.

On motion $5000 were given to foreign work; $5000 to Freedmen's work and the balance divided between home missions and parsonage work; to each $3329.26.

The regular monthly reports were given by Church Extension, Home and Freedmen's secretaries.

JULY.

Regular monthly meeting July 5, Mrs. A. R. Herron, presiding.

Home secretary reports, through Miss Josephine White, a contribution from the missionary society of Rawal Pindi, India, of $32.29 for the home mission work.

Oakland, Cal., the missionary made 105 visits in May. Miss Thompson, of the 7th church, Chicago, sends an encouraging report. Miss Barnes re-appointed at Aledo.

Church Extension secretary reported Thank-offering secretary having sent out 1300 senior and 690 junior thank-offering boxes since June 15. Secretary authorized to order 25000 thank-offering envelopes.

Mrs. M. C. Porter was appointed to represent the W. G. M. S. in the executive committee of the International Union of Reformed and Presbyterian Women's Foreign Missionary Societies.

Junior secretary reports letters of inquiry in regard to constitutions, etc. Mrs. E. M. Hill was elected editor-in-chief of the Junior missionary paper.

Treasurer reported contributions from April 15 to May 1st, $2252.83; May receipts, $1,328.89; May disbursements, $195.39; June receipts, $2062.05; June disbursements $3031.10.

A legacy was received from the executor of Miss Susan Moore to the amount of $273.12.

Freedmen's secretary reported mainly in regard to industrial work at Chase City. The brother of our Foreign secretary, Mrs. W. J. Reid, having met with a distressing accident, which resulted fatally, she could not be present at this meeting.

The Minutes of the Convention published by the Magazine Committee and also the Minutes of the corporation published by the Women's Board, are in the hands of the women of the church, and the secretary indulges the hope that they may meet with a favorable reception, as they represent a great deal of hard work on the part of the recording and statistical secretaries, who will feel amply repaid if the reports are read and the suggestions made therein are put into practice.

MRS. MARY W. PORTER, Sec'y.

Programme for October.

OUR FOREIGN POPULATION AND CITY MISSIONS.

Psalm 43:1,2. No. 25, Saratoga Selections.
Prayer.
Psalm 61:1,2. No. 17, Saratoga Selections.

Scripture Reading—67 Psalm.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION.

“Our foreigners, their numbers and habits of life.”

“How to reach them with the Gospel.”

“Provisions which have been made for them at the gateways to our land—Golden Gate and Ellis Island.”

“The Church's Opportunity. Hindrances—the saloon, Sabbath desecration and the foreigners' ignorance of our language.”

“Influence on the future of our Country.”

Business. Close by Singing Psalm 17:5,7, No. 19, Saratoga Selections. Prayer.

Carnegie, Pa. MRS. T. C. ATCHISON,

Thy Kingdom.

This missionary prayer is found in the litany of the Moravian Church, and is used every Sabbath in the morning service: “Thou Light and Desire of all nations, watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea; prosper the endeavors of all Thy servants to spread Thy Gospel among heathen nations; accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement with demonstration of the Spirit and of power; bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen; keep them as the apple of Thine eye; have mercy on Thy ancient covenant people, the Jews; deliver them from their blindness; and bring all nations to the saving knowledge of Thee. Let the seed of Israel praise the Lord; Yea, let all the nations praise Him; Give to Thy people open doors to preach the Gospel, and set them to Thy praise on earth. Amen.”

At the last annual meeting of “The International Missionary Union,” the question was asked, “What duties do missionaries owe to themselves?” The answer was given by Dr. Parmelee, missionary of the American Board in Turkey:

“1. Be sure of an abundance of nourishing food and refreshing sleep.

“2. Never work late at night, but engage in diverting reading, conversation or play for two hours before retiring.

“3. Never study a foreign language by artificial light.

“4. Every pleasant day get an abundance of exercise in the open air. By observing such items as these, I have been able, though beginning an invalid, to pass a long life in the missionary service.”

Mrs. Maggie P. Graham.

The L. M. S. of Henderson, Ill., has been called to mourn the loss of Mrs. Maggie P. Graham, who entered into rest May 22, 1898.

We desire to bear testimony to her Christian character, and her patience and resignation under most severe suffering. We miss her quiet, helpful presence among us. May we each one be reminded that our time too is short, and be prepared to meet our God.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her sorely bereaved husband and four little children and commend them to the tender care of the “Good Shepherd in whom we trust.” “Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

MRS. N. B. ARMSTRONG,
MRS. M. J. ACHESON,
MRS. M. A. RAY. } Com.

Mrs. Mary Huggins.

The Women's Missionary Society of Shushan, N. Y., United Presbyterian church, desire to place on record this testimonial to the worth of their beloved sister and co-laborer in Christ, Mrs. Mary Huggins, who died July 23, 1898.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” As a member of our society, she was most kindly in her spirit, genial in her intercourse with all, wise in council, having fervent charity and consideration for others, and ever ready and anxious to advance the interests of the society and of Christ's Kingdom.

Those whose lives came nearest to hers, knew her as one whose daily outgoing of heart was for more of the Christ-life within her, for a closer walk and communion with her Saviour.

We shall miss her cheery presence, her willing heart, her helping hand; yet she has left with us an undying influence. The memory of her pure, unselfish life shall guide us ever upward and onward.

“Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city.”

COM.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller.

The W. M. S. of Freeport, Pa., desire to record their loving remembrance of Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, who died during a visit to her daughter, Mrs. McClelland of Denver, in December.

Mrs. Miller was 80 years of age. She possessed a happy cheerful disposition rarely found in one of that age.

We are thankful for the privilege of her companionship and the example of her beautiful Christian life. She was a member of our missionary society since its organization twenty-three years ago.

Her warm, true, affectionate heart and unselfish disposition endeared her to her fellow workers. She was active in every good work. Her aim was to be good and to do good. Her charity which thinketh no evil; her tender care of the sick and sorrowing; her liberality and her prayerfulness, we would all do well to imitate.

We miss her more than can be expressed, but look forward with gladness to the time when we shall meet her again in company with the Master whom she so loved. COM.

A MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN INDIA.